

(about nonsmokers and antismokers)

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THE TOEAGTO DISTRICT  
Freedom of choice  
is the best choice



Most nights, watching Snyder was not a soothing experience. You knew something was going on beneath the surface, but you never knew what you knew that sometimes he might explode, but you never knew when. He had an aura of energy and hostility that kept everyone on edge. These are the qualities that prompt network executives who are asked about Snyder's strengths to repeat ad infinitum that he "crashes through the television set." And these are the same qualities that, coupled with cool under pressure, they refined, nurtured and marketed when they created the *Tomorrow* show for him in 1973. Because they thought I was versatile," says Snyder, "it was impossible for me to branch out into other areas and, therefore, I've stayed here for other people. I don't believe that you have to be either a journalist or an entertainer. I think the two mesh very, very well."

When Snyder doesn't do very well in play-off politics, for instance, when Robert Mueller is named as board chairman of NBC parent company, RCA, Snyder announced on the air that a new position upon notice had appeared on the studio bulletin board. When NBC wanted him to read, in a newscast, an item about his friend Barbara Walters' divorce hereof. After a series of "Sex Connections," which ran as a segment of *Newscenter* in New York and which embarrassed even Snyder, he made the station's general manager apologize to state viewers. His attacks on NBC, on the air and in print, are legendary.

Recently I asked Snyder what he would do if he got the job on the *Today* show, and he said, "Get rid of Jane Pauley." Then I asked him what his first move would be if he, and not Fred Silverman, had been made president of the network. "I would fire everyone," he laughed, "and then take applications."

"If Tom doesn't get what he wants," says NBC executive Dick Ebersol, "it will be more a result of his personality in a negative sense than anyone else's personality in a positive sense. He is the best they've got—there is no other person at NBC who comes through the screen—but Snyder is a maverick, and because of it he is a big risk."

Late one night during the 1972 presidential campaign, John Chancellor and Tom Brokaw were sitting in a bar in Florida when Chancellor reportedly reached over, grabbed Brokaw and announced, "I want you to be my successor." So Brokaw's ascension to the throne was until recently considered a fait accompli within NBC, especially since former top executives insist—despite official denials—that Chancellor has a

parade of selections also included a few small wedges of onion, emerald clusters of broccoli and inky, earth-rich Japanese mushrooms coated with lacy tempura (the vegetables are 90 cents to \$1.70 per portion).

Thick, musty, snowy chunks of striped bass, fried with a deeply browned crust, were superb. This fish is served with anle, a savory brown sauce threaded with bean sprouts (\$4.80). Some of the charcoal-broiled fish are bathed in a slightly sweet sauce that had less appeal.

Hyō Tan Nippon serves lobsters, up to mammoth six-pound sumo showstopers, charcoal grilled. Then there is the lobster sashimi (sashimi is raw fish), quite a production for those capable of renouncing certain prejudices. Fresh raw lobster has an incredibly delicate flavor and texture.

The whole crustacean, fished live from the tank, is first presented—struggling—for your approval. Then it's served, raw, spread eagle on a large platter, with the pale rose tail meat sliced into tiny morsels and artfully arranged in the shell of the tail. Enjoy the sweet flesh of the tail but be careful not to disturb the rest of the beast. An accidental nudge may cause it to flick its antennae or wave its claw in farewell before the waitress returns it to the grill for a charcoal broiling, after which it is served up again. A two pounder done up in this manner is \$22.

This raises a moral question. Can you reconcile the delight of the raw lobster meat with the barbaric presentation? Let us say that if you are sensitive to the feelings of lower forms of life, this is not your dish. There is, however, a traditionally elegant and inanimate sashimi of bass, flounder, tuna and clams served with an incendiary wasabi and refreshing shredded daikon.

unfried rice, fish soup (stabled bouillabaisse), *tsurubushi* (a horde of miniature Arctic shrimp sautéed but an instant (\$3.80)), tender triangles of grilled minced chicken (tsukune (\$4.50)), a cakelike wedge of charcoal-seared yakimushisu (samurai-battle deer), paper-thin rolls of grilled beef nigimayaki enclosing bright scallions (\$7.50), a succulent fried pork cutlet with a spicy dark dipping sauce, a steaming casserole of *tsukisaki* and the *tsukazane* (Eli's Kazan) salad of thin strips of warm roast beef in a tangy sesame dressing (\$6.50) were all excellent dishes. The beef salad in Eli's Kazan, so the lobster sashimi must be Sam Peckinpah.

The only disappointments were a rather bland Hsio Tan soup, a banality called tossed salad, some doughy little bean pastries and the current unavailability of the baby eels that are flown in from Spain, sizzled in garlic, oil and soy.

Down jackets and jeans, cashmere and fur, the young, single, attached or settled, all coexist nicely in twosomes, foursomes or all along at Hyo Tan Nippon. It is a

## A word to nonsmokers

about smokers)

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THE TOBACCO INSTITUTE  
Freedom of choice  
is the best choice



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## A word to smokers

In the expressive jargon of jazz, a lot of folks are "into" segregation these days -- for smokers.

If you've ridden any planes lately, you've found yourself banished to the back of them, last to be served, last to leave.

Here on the ground, there's a sudden sprouting of "No Smoking" signs. And if, by mistake, you happen to light up in the wrong place, you get a sharp reminder, annoyed frown or cold shoulder.

It's a drag.

And it's easy to get the feeling you're being picked on, and made to feel like a social outcast.

But there's another side to this.

In Seattle some time ago, two restaurants tried segregation -- a smoking room for smokers, a nonsmoking room for nonsmokers.

After a month, one had served 10,723 meals in the smoking side, and only 60 in the nonsmoking side. In the other, of 22,068 customers, only 158 asked to be segregated from the smokers.

The point is that most nonsmokers think smokers are O.K. and they like to be around us -- when the choice is left up to them.

So take heart.

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That doesn't mean that the small minority of anti-smokers are going to go away. They won't. Some of them have very sensible reasons for objecting. Smoke bothers them. And a discourteous smoker bothers them as much as he bothers us smokers. And then there are people, perfectly rational about everything else, who turn paranoid when a smoker approaches.

We don't know what to do about these anti-smokers any more than you do -- except to treat them all with as much courtesy and kindness as we can.

It works with our friends, the nonsmokers; it may work with our enemies, the anti-smokers.

The Tobacco Institute

Freedom of choice is the best choice.

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## A word to nonsmokers

A great jazz musician once said of his art, "If you don't dig it, I can't explain it."

That's the way it is with smoking.

If you've never smoked, it just looks crazy -- the whole ritual of lighting, inhaling, exhaling. What's the point?

And there's no way to explain it.

But even the Surgeon General knows there's something going on that the smoker likes.

"Evaluation of the effects of smoking on health," the original Surgeon General's report states, "would lack perspective if no consideration was given to the possible benefits to be derived from the occasional or habitual use of tobacco."

"The significant beneficial effects of smoking," it also says, "occur primarily in the area of mental health, and the habit originates in a search for contentment."

The Nobel Laureate, Professor Ulf von Euler, says it as straight as anyone can.

"No one really believes that such a large group of humanity would be using tobacco ... if it were not for the fact that it gives effects that can be considered positive."

Maybe all that says is that, like jazz or chamber music, some people dig it and some don't. And most nonsmokers understand that. It would be a dull world if everybody liked the same things.

The trouble is that some people (anti-smokers, as distinguished

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from nonsmokers) don't like those of us who march to the sound of the different drummer, and want to harass smokers, to ghetto-ize them and, if possible, to separate them from nonsmokers in just about everything.

And the further trouble is that even the tolerant nonsmokers, and that's most people, are occasionally and honestly annoyed by the occasional boor with the big cigar, smelly pipe or careless cigarette.

They annoy us smokers equally.

But it would be a shame if we allowed a tiny handful of intolerant anti-smokers, and a small group of discourteous smokers, to break up the general harmony.

Maybe if we ignore them both, they'll go away and leave the rest of us to go on playing together.

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